MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR,

The Monthly COLLECTION

OF

New Teaching SONGS,

Compos'd for the *Theatres*, and other Occasions;

With a Thorow Bass for the *Harpsichord*, or *Spinett:*

The SONGS being Transpos'd for the *Flute*, at the end of the Book.

For **September, Octob. Novem.** and **December.**

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearson*, next door to the *Hare* and *Feathers*, in *Alders-gate-street*; for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-street*; And *J. Hare*, at the Golden *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Corn-Hill*; And *J. Young*, at the *Dolphin* and Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard; And all other Musick-Shops in Town. 1699.

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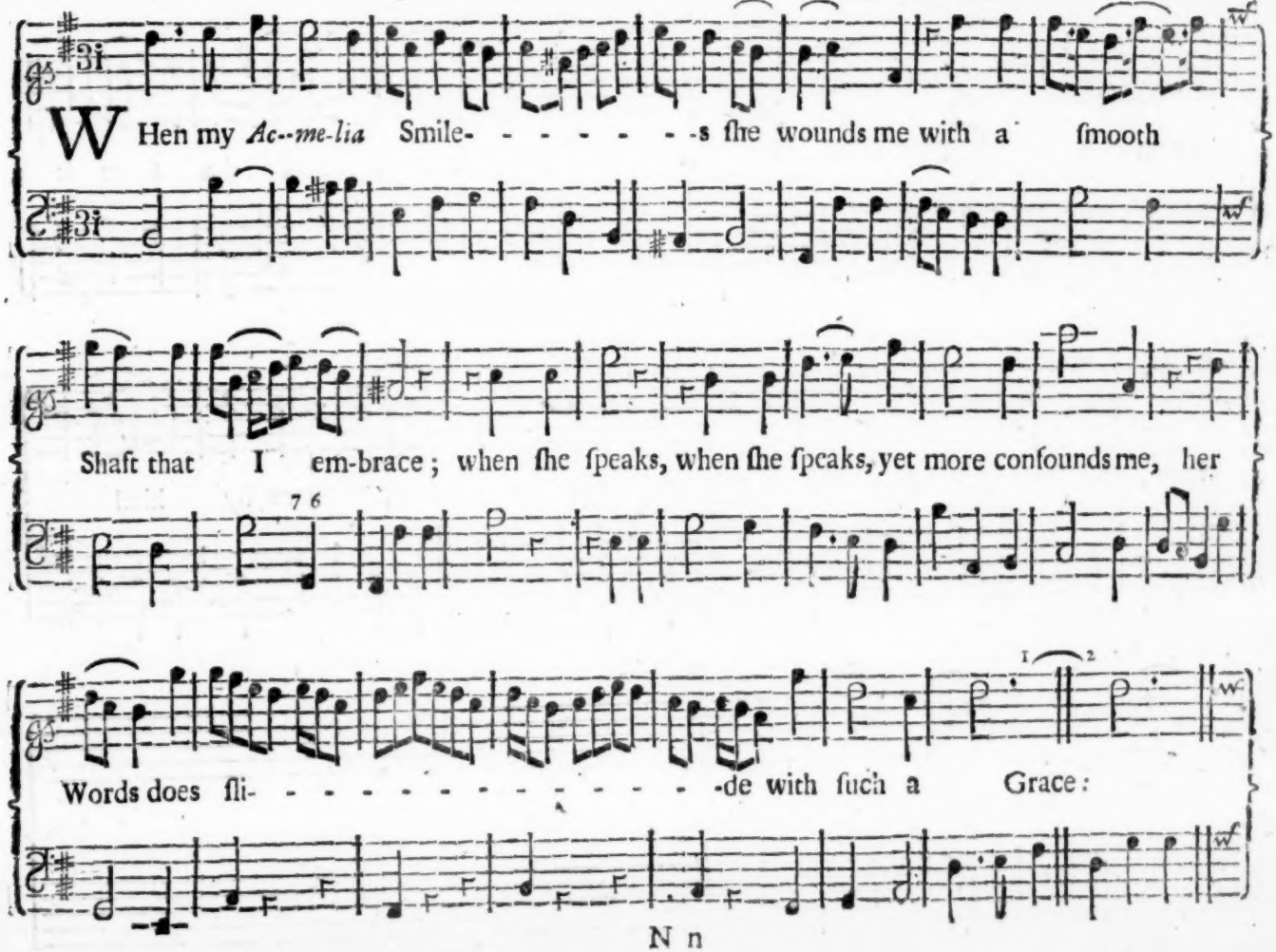
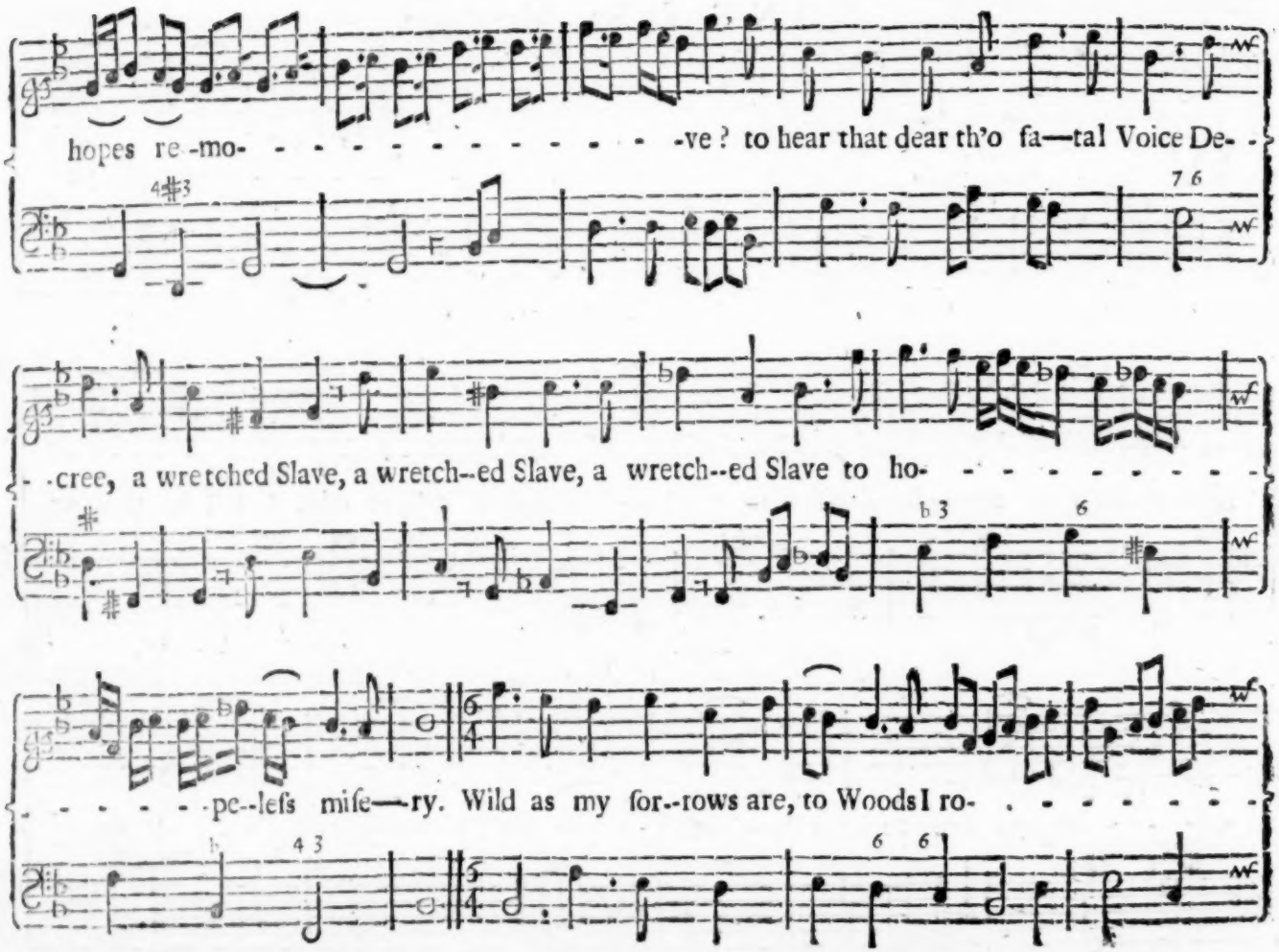
SONG Set by the late Mr. *H. Purcell*, never before Publiſh'd.


When my Ac--me-lia Smile- - - - - - - -s ſhe wounds me with a ſmooth
Shaft that I em-brace; when ſhe ſpeaks, when ſhe ſpeaks, yet more confounds me, her
Words does fli- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -de with ſuch a Grace:

From that ſoft Voice what can de-fend me? Such live-ly Sence dos from it.
flow, all others Wit does now of--fend me, ſince by kind, ſince by kind
Whiſ—pers hers I know.

SONG ſet by Mr. *Gouge.*

When, whe—n you ma—licious Pla- - - - - - - -nets will ye
give, an hour of con—ſo—lat--ion to my Love? Or muſt I ſtill, or muſt I ſtill be thus ac--
- -cu- - - -rſt, and live to ſee *Do—rin-da*'s ſelf, to ſee *Do—rin—da*'s ſe- - - - -lf my

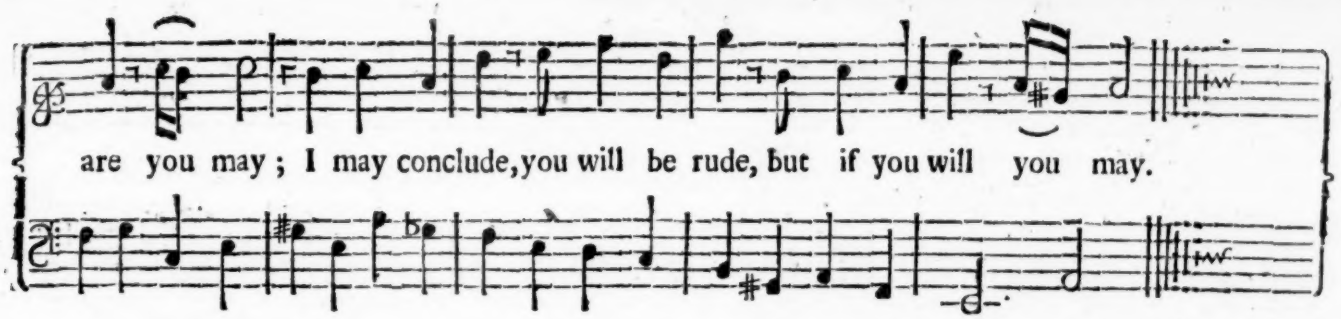

hopes re-mo- -ve? to hear that dear th'o fa—tal Voice De-
-cree, a wretched Slave, a wretch--ed Slave, a wretch--ed Slave to ho-
-pe--less mise—ry. Wild as my sor--rows are, to Woods I ro-

-ve; but there a las! a las! in vai- -n I hope for
reſt, for Chant-ing *Phi--lo- mell*, for Chant-ing *Phi--lo--mell* ſtill ha- -unts the
Grove, and brings the dear, and brings the dear, dear, dear I-mage to my breaſt; whoſe ve-ry

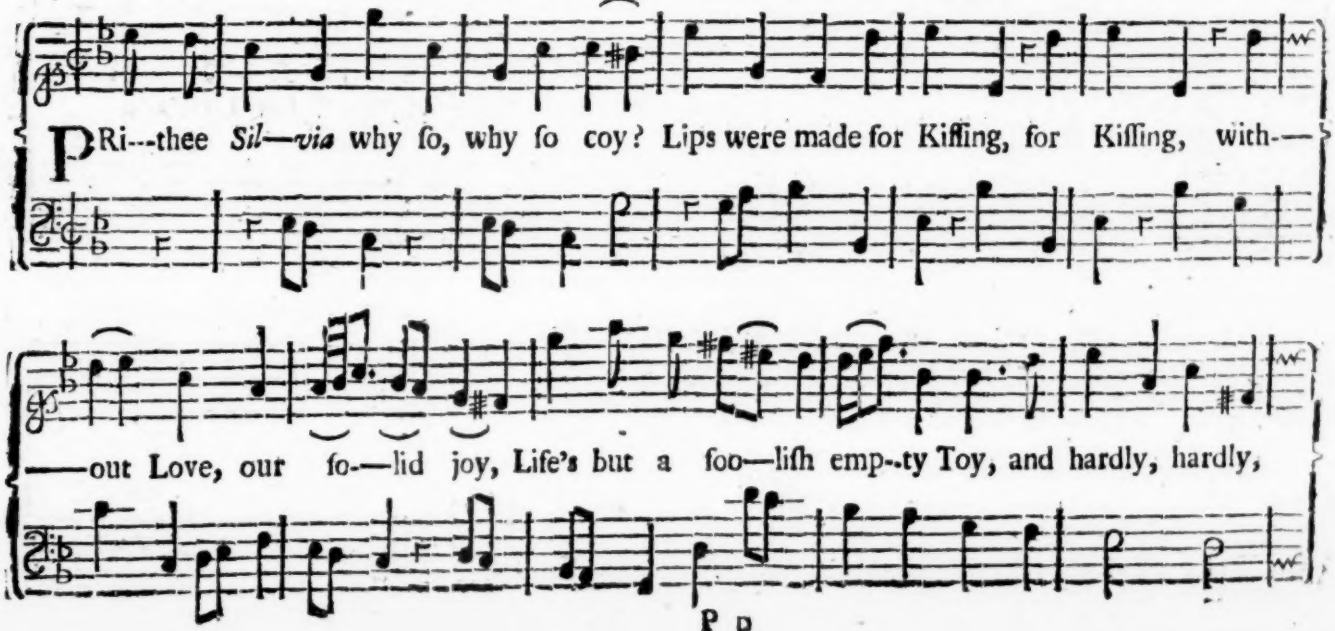
warb- - - -

he ſigh'd and beg'd, and wep'd, and ſwore, the ſign was ſo, ſhe an-ſwer'd no; the
ſign was ſo, ſhe anſwar'd no, no, no, no, no: A—gain he
ſigh'd, a—gain he pray'd, no, *Damon*, no, no, no, no, no I am a--fraid; con--ſider *Damon*

I'm a Maid, con--ſi-der *Damon*; no, no, no, no, no, no, no I'm a Maid.
At laſt his Sighs and Tears made way, ſhe roſe and ſoftly turn'd the Key;
come in ſaid ſhe, but do not, do not ſtay; I may conclude, you will be rude, but if you

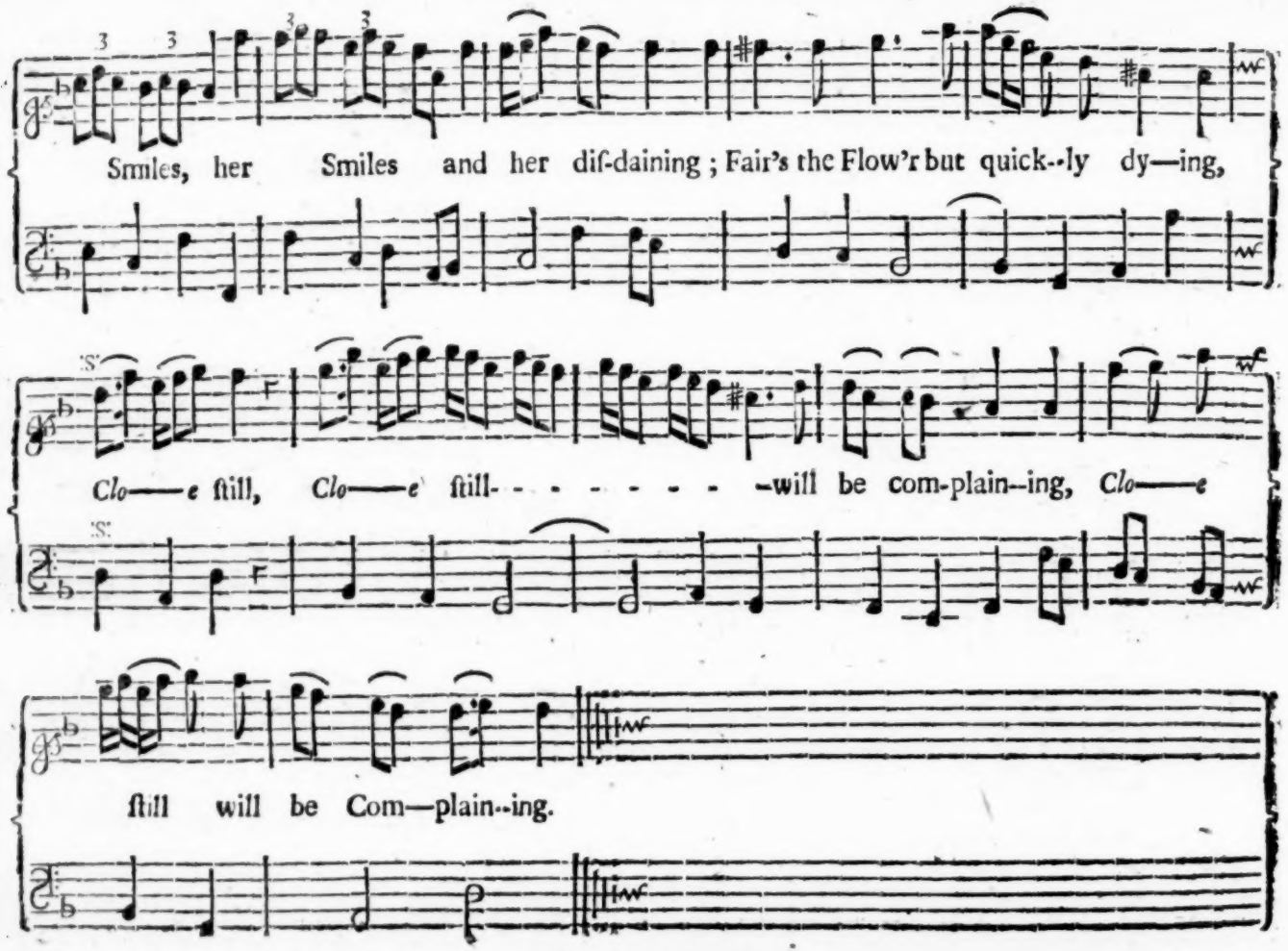


SONG ſet by Mr. *William Richardſon.*


PRi---thee *Sil—via* why ſo, why ſo coy? Lips were made for Kiſſing, for Kiſſing, with—
——out Love, our ſo—lid joy, Life's but a foo—liſh emp--ty Toy, and hardly, hardly,
P p

hardly worth poſ—ſes--ing: Love can make us truely bleſt; woud'ſt thou be, woud'ſt thou
be, woud'ſt thou be leſs cru--el, ſoon its Pleaſures thou might'ſt taſt; but Love's a
Fire, and can't ſub--ſiſt with--out ſup--ply of Fu—-el.

B
Oaſt no more, fond Swain, of Pleaſure, what that fick - le Fair can
give thee; believe me 'tis a Fairy Treaſure, and thy hopes, and thy hopes will
ſoon, will ſoon deceive thee: Sweets the Flow'r but quick--ly fly- - -ing, I've known her


Smiles, her Smiles and her diſ-daining; Fair's the Flow'r but quick--ly dy—ing,
Clo——e ſtill, Clo——e ſtill- - - - - - - -will be com-plain--ing, Clo——e
ſtill will be Com—plain--ing.

SONG ſet by Mr. *William Crofts.*

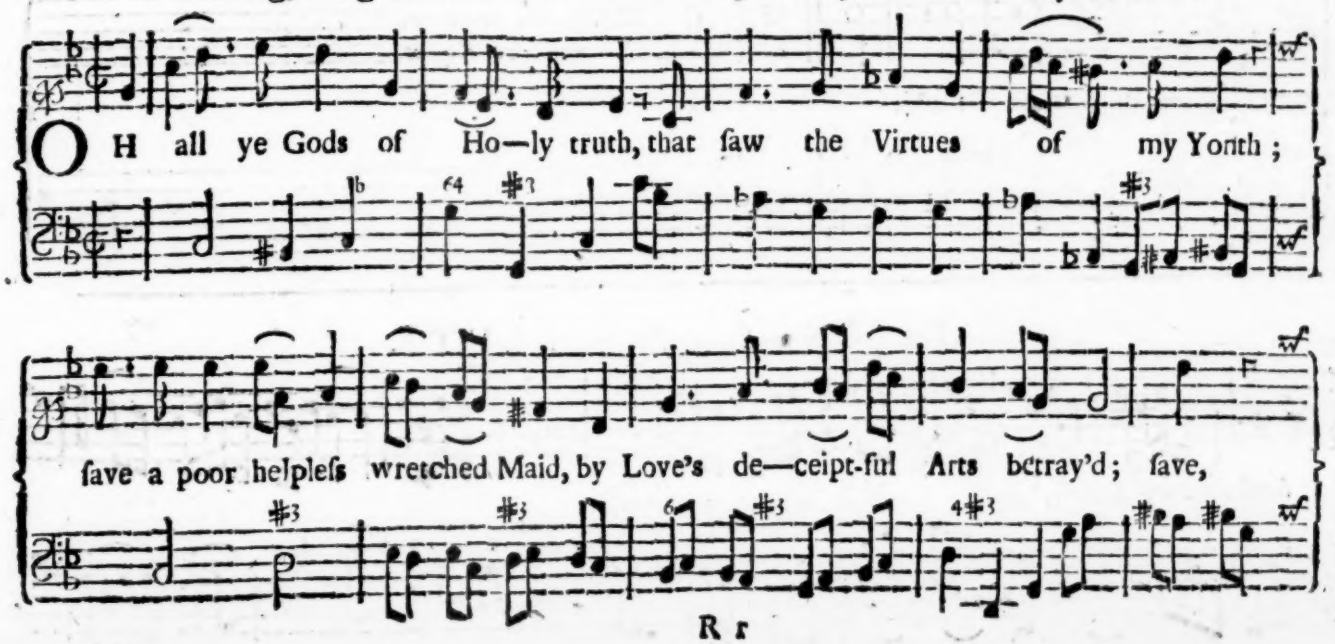
Such mo——ving ſoun——ds, ſuch mo——
——ving ſoun——ds, from ſuch a careleſs touch; ſo unconcern'd, ſo uncon——
——cern'd, her ſelf, and we, and we ſo much: What Art is this, is this? What Art is

this, is this, that with ſo lit—tle pains, tranſ--ports us thus, thus, tranſports us thus, thus,
thus, thus, thus, thus, thus, and o'er our Spirits Reigns, and o'er our Spirits Reigns!
The trem- - - - - - - - - - -

-bling Strings about her Fin—gers crow'd ;
The trem-
-bling Strings, the trem—bling Strings about her Fin——gers cro-——

-w'd, and tell their joy,
and tell their joy for ev—'ry Kiſs, a- - -loud;
and tell their joy, and tell their joy for

A Song, Sung by Mrs. Croſs *in the Play call'd,* A Wife for any Man.


O H all ye Gods of Ho—ly truth, that ſaw the Virtues of my Youth;
ſave a poor helpleſs wretched Maid, by Love's de—ceipt-ful Arts betray'd; ſave,

ſave a Poor helpleſs ſlave, a poor help—leſs wretched Maid, by Love's de—
Sing this twice over and then Repeat.
—ceipt—ful Arts be—tray'd.

The SONG *Tunes for the* FLUTE.

FINIS.

29 82 84

TWelve New SONGS, with a Thorow-Bass Figur'd for the *Organ Harpsicord*, or *Spinet*, chiefly to Encourage *William Pearson*'s New *London* Character, Compos'd by Dr. *Blow*, Dr. *Turner*, Mr. *Nicola*, Mr. *Ralph Courtevill*, Mr. *Samuel Ackeroyde*, Mr. *John Eccles*, Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, Mr. *John Barrett*, Mr. *Williams* Mr. *John Church*, Mr. *William Crofts*: With two New Dialogues, Sett by Mr. *Jeremy Clark*, and single Songs, Sung in the last Reviv'd Play call'd *The Island Princes*: Or, *The Generous Portuguese*; Newly made into an OPERA. Printed by and for *William Pearson* next door to the *Hare* and Feathers in *Alderſ-Gate-ſtreet* and Sold by Mr. *Playford* at the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; Mrs. *Scott* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*; Mr. *J. Hare* at the Golden *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Corn-Hill*, Mr. *Young*, at the *Dolphin* and Crown, in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and all other Muſick-Shops in Town, Price 1 *s* 6, *d*.

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